

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year.....\$ 2 00
Ten copies, one year..... 17 50
Twenty copies, one year..... 30 00
An additional copy, free of charge, to the
getter-up of a club of ten or twenty.
As we are compelled by law to pay postage
in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio
county, we are forced to require payment on
subscriptions in advance.
All papers will be promptly stopped at the
expiration of the term subscribed for.
All letters on business must be addressed to
J. P. BARNETT & Co., Publishers.

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm!
God bless its every road,
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood!
Can from the honest and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil.
God bless each meadow, field, and nook,
Brimmed with fairest flowers,
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning shower:
God bless them all! each leaf's a gem
In nature's gorgeous diadem.
The orchards that, in early spring,
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruits in golden showers:
Like pomgranates, on Aaron's rod,
A miracle from Nature's God.
And may He bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign;
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome
Doth this broad, beautiful earth contain.
Than where secure from care and strife,
The farmer leads his peaceful life.
Unweary by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mould,
Then sows the golden grain,
And reaps reward a hundred-fold:
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"
"The Three Moors," "The Iron Mask," "The Iron Duke," etc.

CHAPTER VII. THE HAPPY MAN MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISFORTUNE.

Cornelius De Witte, after having attended to his family affairs, reached the house of his godson Cornelius Van Baerle, one evening in the month of January, 1672.

De Witte, although being very little of a horticulturist or of an artist, went over the whole mansion from the studio to the greenhouse, inspecting everything from the pictures down to the tulips. He thanked his godson for having joined him on the deck of the Admiral's ship, "The Seven Provinces," during the battle of Southwold Bay, and for having given him a name to a magnificent tulip and whilst he thus, with the kindest and affablest of a father to a son, visited Van Baerle's treasures, the crowd gathered with curiosity, and even respect, before the door of the happy man.

All this hubbub excited the attention of Bostel, who was just taking his meal by his bedside. He inquired what it meant, and on being informed of the cause of all the stir, climbed up to his post of observation, where, in spite of the cold, he took his stand, with the telescope to his eye.

This telescope had not been of great service to him since the autumn of 1671. The tulips, like true daughters of the East, averse to cold, do not abide in the open ground in winter. They need the shelter of the house, the soft bed on the shelves, and the congenial warmth of the stove. Van Baerle, therefore, passed the whole winter in his laboratory, in the midst of his books and pictures. He went only rarely to the room where he kept his bulbs, unless it were to allow some occasional rays of the sun to enter, by opening one of the movable sashes of the glass front.

On the evening of which we are speaking, after the two Corneliuses had visited together all the apartments of the house, whilst a train of domestics followed their steps, De Witte said, in a low voice to Van Baerle—

"My dear son, send those people away, and let us be alone for some minutes."

The younger Cornelius, bowing assent, said aloud—

"Would you now, sir, please to see my dry room?"

The dry room, this pantheon, this sanctum sanctorum of the tulip fancier, was, as Delhi of old, interdicted to the profane uninitiated.

Never had any of his servants been bold enough to set his foot there. Cornelius admitted only the inoffensive boomer of an old Frisian housekeeper, who had been his nurse, and who, from the time when he had devoted himself to the culture of tulips, ventured no longer to put onions in his stew, for fear of pulling to pieces and mauling the idol of her foster child.

At the mere mention of the dry room, therefore, the servants, who were carrying the lights, respectfully fell back. Cornelius, taking the candlestick from the hands of the foremost, conducted his godfather into that room, which was no other than the very cabinet with a glass front, into which Bostel was continually prying with his telescope.

The envious spy was watching more intently than ever.

First of all he saw the walls and windows lit up.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., OCTOBER 6, 1875. NO. 40.

De Witte, after having said some few words to Cornelius, the meaning of which the prying neighbor could not read in the movement of his lips, took from his breast pocket a white parcel, carefully sealed, which Bostel, judging from the manner in which Cornelius received it, and placed it in one of the presses, supposed to contain papers of the greatest importance.

His first thought was that this precious deposit inclosed some newly imported bulbs from Bengal or Ceylon; but he soon reflected that Cornelius De Witte was very little addicted to tulip growing, and that he only occupied himself with the affairs of man, a pursuit by far less peaceful and agreeable than that of the florist. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that the parcel contained simply some papers, and that these papers were relating to politics.

But why should papers of political import be entrusted to Van Baerle, who not only was, but also boasted of being, an entire stranger to the science of government, which, in his opinion, was more occult than alchemy itself?

It was undoubtedly a deposit which Cornelius De Witte, already threatened by the unpopularity with which his countrymen were going to honor him, was placing in the hands of his godson; a contrivance so much the more cleverly devised, as it certainly was not at all likely that it should be searched for at the house of one that had always stood aloof from every sort of intrigue.

And, besides, if the parcel had been made up of bulbs, Bostel knew his neighbor too well, not to expect that Van Baerle would not have lost one moment in satisfying his curiosity and feasting his eyes on the present he had received.

But, on the contrary, Cornelius had received the parcel from the hands of his godson, and turned towards the door. Van Baerle seizing the candlestick, and lighting him on his way down to the street, which was still crowded with people who wished to see their great fellow-citizen getting into his coach.

Bostel had not been mistaken in his supposition. The deposit entrusted to Van Baerle, and carefully looked up by him, was nothing more nor less than John De Witte's correspondence with the Marquis De Louvois, the war-minister of the King of France; only the godfather forebore giving to his godson the least intimation concerning the political importance of the secret, merely desiring him not to deliver the parcel to any one but to himself, or to whom he would send to claim it in his name.

And Van Baerle, as we have seen, locked it up within his most precious bulbs, to think no more of it, after his godfather had left him; very unlike Bostel, who looked upon this parcel, as a clever pilot does on the distant and scarcely perceptible cloud which is increasing on its way, and which is fraught with a storm.

Little dreaming of the jealous hatred of his neighbor, Van Baerle had proceeded step by step towards gaining the prize offered by the Horticultural Society of Haarlem. He had progressed from hazel-nut shade to that of roasted coffee, and on the day when the frightful events took place at the Hague, which we have related in the preceding chapters, we find him about one o'clock in the day, gathering from the borders the young suckers, raised from tulips of the color of roasted coffee; and which, being expected to flower for the first time in the spring of 1675, would, undoubtedly, produce the large black tulip required by the Haarlem Society.

On the 20th of August, 1672, at one o'clock, Cornelius was, therefore, in his dry-room with his feet resting on the foot-board of the table, and his elbows on the cover, looking with intense delight on three suckers which he had just detached from the mother bulb, pure, perfect, and entire, and from which was to grow that wonderful produce of horticulture, which would render the name of Cornelius Van Baerle forever illustrious.

"I shall find the black tulip," said Cornelius to himself, whilst detaching the suckers. "I shall obtain the hundred thousand guilders offered by the society. I shall distribute them among the poor at Dort; and the hatred which every rich man has to encounter in times of civil wars will be soothed down, and I shall be able, without fearing any harm either from Republicans or Orangists, to keep as heretofore my borders in splendid condition. I need no more be afraid, lest on the day of some riot the shopkeepers of the town, and the sailors of the port, should come and tear out my bulbs, to boil them as onions for their families, as they have sometimes quietly threatened when they happened to remember my having paid two or three hundred guilders for one bulb. It is therefore settled I shall give the hundred thousand guilders of the prize Haarlem to the poor. And yet—"

Here Cornelius stopped, and heaved a sigh.

"And yet," he continued, "it would have been so very delightful to spend the hundred thousand guilders on the enlargement of my tulip-bed, or even on a journey to the East, the country of beautiful flowers. But alas! these are no

thoughts for the present times, when muskets, standards, proclamations, and beatings of drums are the order of the day."

Van Baerle raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed again. Then turning his glance toward his bulbs—objects of much greater importance to him than all those muskets, standards, drums, and proclamations, which he conceived only to be fit to disturb the mind of honest people, he said—

"These are, indeed, beautiful bulbs; how smooth they are, how well formed! there is that air of melancholy about them which promises to produce a flower of the color of ebony. On their skin you cannot even distinguish the circulating veins with the naked eye. Certainly, certainly, not a light spot will disfigure the tulip which I have called into existence. And by what name shall we call this offspring of my sleepless nights, and my labor and my thought? *Tulipa nigra Barleensis*."

"Yes, *Barleensis*, a fine name. All the tulip-fanciers—that is to say all the intelligent people of Europe—will feel a thrill of excitement when the rumor spreads to the four quarters of the globe: THE GRAND BLACK TULIP IS FOUND! 'How is it called?' the fanciers will ask—'*Tulipa nigra Barleensis*.' 'Why, *Barleensis*?'—'After its grower, Van Baerle,' will be the answer. 'And who is this Van Baerle?'—'It is the same who has already produced five new tulips: The Jane, the John De Witte, the Cornelius De Witte, &c.' Well, that is what I call my ambition. It will cause tears to no one. And people will object to my *Tulipa nigra Barleensis*, when, perhaps, my godfather, this sublime politician, is only known from the tulip to which I have given his name."

"Oh these dearling bulbs!" Baerle continued in his soliloquy, "and when tranquility is restored in Holland, I shall give the poor only fifty thousand guilders, which, after all, is a goodly sum for a man who is under no obligation whatever. Then with the remaining fifty thousand guilders, I shall make experiments. With them I shall succeed in imparting scent to the tulip. Ah! if I succeed in giving it the odor of the rose or the carnation, or what would be still better, a completely new scent; if I restore to this queen of flowers its natural distinctive perfume, which she has lost in passing from her Eastern to her European throne, and which she must have in the Indian Peninsula at Goa, Bombay, Madras, and especially in that island which in olden times, as is asserted, was the terrestrial paradise, and which is called Ceylon—Oh, what glory! I must say, I would then rather be Cornelius Van Baerle than Alexander, Caesar, or Maximilian."

"Oh, the admirable bulb!" Thus Cornelius indulged in the delights of contemplation, and was carried away by the sweetest dreams.

Suddenly the bell of his cabinet was rung much more violently than usual. Cornelius, startled, laid his hands on his bulbs, and turned round.

"Who is here?" he asked. "Sir," answered the servant, "it a messenger from the Hague."

"A messenger from the Hague! What does he want?"

"Sir it is Craeke."

"Craeke! the confidential servant of Myhrer John De Witte! Good, let him await."

"I cannot wait," said a voice in the lobby.

And at the same time forcing himself in, Craeke rushed into the dry-room.

This abrupt entrance was such an infringement on the established rules of the household of Cornelius Van Baerle, that the latter, at the sight of Craeke, almost convulsively moved his hand which covered the bulbs, so that two of them fell on the floor, one of them rolling under a small table, and the other into the fire-place.

"Zounds!" said Cornelius, eagerly picking up his precious bulbs, "what's the matter?"

"The matter, Sir!"—said Craeke, laying a paper on the large table, on which the third bulb was lying—"the matter is, that you are requested to read this paper without losing one moment."

And Craeke who thought he had remarked in the streets at Dort, symptoms of a tumult similar to that which he had witnessed before his departure from the Hague, ran off without even looking behind him.

"All right! all right! my dear Craeke," said Cornelius, stretching his arm under the table for the bulky paper which shall be read, indeed it shall."

Then, examining the bulb which he held in the hollow of his hand, he said, "Well, here is one of them uninjured. That confounded Craeke! thus to rush in to my dry-room; now let us look after the other."

And without laying down the bulb which he already held, Baerle went to the fire-place, knelt down, and stirred with the tip of his finger the ashes, which fortunately were quite cold.

He at once felt the other bulb.

"Well here it is," he said, and looking

at it with almost fatherly affection, he exclaimed, "Uninjured, as the first!"

At this very instant, and whilst Cornelius, still on his knees, was examining his pets, the door of the dry-room was so violently shaken, and opened in such a brusque manner, that Cornelius felt rising in his cheeks and his ears the glow of that evil counsellor which is called wrath.

"Now what is it again," he demanded; "are people going mad here?"

"Oh, sir! sir!" cried the servant, rushing into the dry room, with a much paler face, and with much more frightened mien than Craeke had shown.

"Well!" asked Cornelius, foreboding some mischief from this double breach of the strict rule of the house.

"Oh, sir, fly! fly! quick!" cried the servant.

"Fly! and what for?"

"Sir! the house is full of the guards of the States."

"What do they want?"

"They want you."

"What for?"

"To arrest you."

"Arrest me? arrest me, do you say?"

"Yes, Sir, and they are headed by a magistrate."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Van Baerle, grasping in his hands the two bulbs, and directing his terrified glance towards the staircase.

"They are coming up! they are coming up!" cried the servant.

"Oh, my dear child, my worthy master!" cried the old housekeeper, who now likewise made her appearance in the dry room, take your gold, your jewelry, and fly, fly!"

"But how shall I make my escape, nurse?" said Van Baerle.

"Jump out of the window."

"Twenty-five feet from the ground!"

"But you will fall on six feet of soft soil."

"Yes, but I should fall on my tulips."

"Never mind, jump out!"

Cornelius took the third bulb, approached the window, and opened it, but seeing what havoc he would necessarily cause in his borders, and, more than this, what a height he would have to jump, he called out, "Never!" and fell back a step.

In this moment they saw across the banister of the staircase, the points of the halberds of the soldiers rising.

The housekeeper raised her hands to heaven.

As to Cornelius Van Baerle, it must be stated to his honor, not as a man, but as a tulip-fancier, his only thought was for his inestimable bulbs.

Looking about for a paper in which to wrap them up, he noticed the fly-leaf from the Bible, which Craeke had laid upon the table, took it without, in his confusion, remembering whence it came, folded it in the three bulbs, secreted them in his bosom, and waited.

At this very moment the soldiers, preceded by a magistrate, entered the room.

"Are you Doctor Cornelius Van Baerle?" demanded the magistrate (who, although knowing the young man very well, put his questions according to the forms of justice, which gave his proceedings a much more dignified air).

"I am that person, Master Van Spennen," answered Cornelius, politely to his judge, "and you know it very well."

"Then give up to us the seditious papers which you secrete in your house."

"The seditious papers?" repeated Cornelius, quite dumb-founded at the imputation.

"Now don't look astonished if you please."

"I vow to you, Master Van Spennen," Cornelius replied, "that I am completely at a loss to understand what you want."

"Then I shall put you in the way, doctor," said the judge; "give up to us the paper which the traitor Cornelius De Witte deposited with you, in the month of January last."

A sudden light came into the mind of Cornelius.

"Hulloa!" said Van Spennen; "you begin now to remember, don't you?"

"Indeed I do; but you spoke of seditious papers, and I have none of that sort."

"You deny it then?"

"Certainly I do."

The magistrate turned round and took a rapid survey of the whole cabinet.

Where is the apartment you call your dry-room?" he asked.

"The very same where you now are, Master Van Spennen."

The Magistrate cast a glance at a small note at the top of his papers.

"All right," he said, like a man who is sure of his ground.

Then, turning round towards Cornelius, he continued, "Will you give up those papers to me?"

"But I cannot Master Van Spennen; those papers do not belong to me, they have been deposited with me as a trust, and a trust is sacred."

"Doctor Cornelius," said the judge, "in the name of the States I order you to open this drawer, and to give up to me the papers which it contains."

Saying this, the judge pointed with his finger to the third drawer of the press, near the fire-place.

In this very drawer, indeed, the papers

deposited by the Warden of the Dykes with his godson were lying, a proof that the police had received very exact information.

"Ah! you will not," said Van Spennen, when he saw Cornelius standing immovable and bewildered; "then I shall open the drawer myself."

And pulling out the drawer to its full length, the magistrate at first alighted on about twenty bulbs, carefully arranged and ticketed, and then on the paper parcel, which had remained in exactly the same state as it was when delivered by the unfortunate Cornelius De Witte to his godson.

The magistrate broke the seals, tore off the envelope, cast an eager glance on the first leaves which met his eye, and then exclaimed with a terrible voice—

"Well, justice has been rightly informed after all!"

"How," said Cornelius, "how is this?"

"Don't pretend to be ignorant, Myhrer Van Baerle," answered the magistrate, "follow me."

"How's that, follow you?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, sir for in the name of the States I arrest you."

Arrests were not as yet made in the name of William of Orange, he had not been Stadtholder long enough for that.

"Arrest me?" cried Cornelius, "but what have I done?"

"That's no affair of mine, Doctor, you will explain all that before your judges."

"Where?"

"At the Hague."

Cornelius, in mute stupefaction, embraced his old nurse who was in a swoon; shook hands with his servants, who were bathed in tears; and followed the magistrate, who put him in a coach, as a prisoner of State, and had him driven at full gallop to the Hague.

[Continued next week.]

Loaded for Eight Years.

Danbury News.

There has been a gun standing behind a cupboard in a Pine street residence for the past eight years. It belonged to the occupant's father, and was sent up there in a loaded condition. Its presence was always an eyesore to the occupant's wife, who had shared fully with the sex their fear of fire-arms. So the other day—Friday we think—she induced her husband to take it down and fire it off. He had never fired off a gun that had been loaded eight years; in fact, he had never fired one off at all; so he poked it out of the window and took aim into the garden, without the faintest shadow of fear. His wife, being afraid of fire-arms, stood behind his back and looked over his shoulder with her eyes tightly shut. He shut his eyes too, and then pulled the trigger. Of what immediately followed, neither appears to have any settled idea. He says he can vaguely remember hearing a noise of some kind, and he has an indistinct impression of passing over something which must have been his wife, as she was found between him and the right side, and will be found as usual as he is to avoid hot journals. If one party wants the whole or the rode it makes the turnpike hot and dusty; and it raises the parties want it and will have it, it raises the parties want it.

A Strange Dream and Its Strange Fulfillment.

An Amesbury man had a strange dream under the following circumstances: His father and mother had recently died within three or four weeks of each other, and one night in a dream he saw his mother standing by his bed, and a little distance away saw a cot bed with a peculiar coverlet, on which lay a man with his back turned toward him. His mother called him by name and said: "Here are seven dollars." He attached no significance to the dream until, when he went to the post office, he received a letter stating that his brother, who was on a western railroad, had been badly crushed, and requested his presence immediately. On arriving at his brother's home he was struck with surprise when he found him lying on a cot bed, with the same kind of a coverlet as he had seen in his dream, with his back turned toward him. He died, and the gentleman was still more astonished when, on settling his affairs, the first bill presented was just \$7 in amount. Strange as the story may seem, it is told by the man himself, and he is a gentleman whose veracity no one would impeach.

A Great many people, and in fact the majority of those who trip themselves up by unfortunate spelling, often fail from a wrong transposition of the vowels "i" and "e" in such words as "perceive," "relieve," etc., than in any other way. An exchange remarks that there is no necessity of scratching one's head over this puzzling orthography. The simple word "lice" is the simple key to the position. The letter "i" always follows "l," and "e" follows "c," as in the words above given. Always keep this in your head and you have it. This is simple, and we believe there is no other rule so comprehensive and always at your fingers ends.

The Art of Living.

The true art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of expenditure a degree below your actual means. Money in itself never yet made a man happy and never will, as a rule the more a man has the more he craves. It satisfies one class of desire it is apt to create more in another direction. A little general economy enhances the enjoyment of life. Let yourself feel a want before you provide for one. Somebody advises people not to put their trust in money; but to put their money in trust, and a good plan it is to do so. Gold as a servant is excellent and necessary, but as a master it is a fearful tyrant. When you are undecided which of two courses to choose, take the cheaper. This rule will not only save money, but also much indecision. Remember that what a thing costs you is no criterion of its actual value. Money when rightly used, is health, liberty and strength; but not one in a hundred know how to use it. The fact is, few people take care of their money until they get nearly to the end of it; it is the same with time. By doing good with money we stamp the image of the Almighty upon it. So charity must not be forgotten.

Printers' Green.

Boston Herald.

The following is an acknowledgment of a wedding notice and a generous allowance of cake by a classic rural Professor of Typography.

"We make our most respectful bow to the happy twain, and to the opportunity to return thanks for this almost unjelled act of liberality. May the matrimonial chape which locks the form of our brother today justify all his preconceived impressions. In whatever of the country he may roam, whether called upon to face the waves of adverse fortune, or stand before the ft and ft of his enemies, may his life be such that when the 66 of death shall be laid on him, and the of his existence draws to a close, he may produce a clean proof, and claim a clear title to an honorable f in the page of history, as well as to an inheritance beyond the **."

Josh Billings on Double Happiness.

Master Boon: You ask me which is the levelist, the married or the single state, and I ain't afraid to say that having tried both for many years, and searched out their weak and strong point, that matrimony is the tru style. I think that I can safely say that the married condition for everyday wear is 20 per cent. ahead.

Perfect happiness ain't to be had in this life anyhow, I don't care whether you go in single or double.

But if enny one will pa me for mi time I will sho six arguments in favor of cannubal matrimony to four agin it.

There iz a great menny rules, Mister Boon, to make marrid life comfortable, but the golden one iz this: *Go solo and catch other half of the road.* This rule iz as simple and easy az milking a cow on the right side, and will be found as use phul as ile to avoid hot journals. If one party wants the whole or the rode it makes the turnpike hot and dusty; and it raises the parties want it and will have it, it raises the parties want it.

Excuse me, dear Boon, for using the word "devil," but it seems the only one that will fit the spot.

How a Young Man's Money Goes.

Fort Wayne Gazette.

A man in this city, whom we have known since his early childhood, told us yesterday that he had taken pains to keep quite a correct account of his unnecessary expenses from the 4th day of July, 1874, to the 4th of July, 1875. The first item that appeared on the list was cigars. During the year, he said that he had smoked not less than eight cigars each day, which amounted to 2,900, and that the cost of the same were eight cents each on an average which amounted to \$232 00, and that the length of the same, if laid out in a straight line would reach about 1,209 feet, and that the smoke in exhaling the weed would fill several store-houses; further, that the liquor drank would amount to about ninety-one gallons in one year—enough to drown a street commissioner, or a member of the common council. The amount of tobacco he used would fill a common beef-barrel and sicken an entire township. The amount of the unnecessary expenditure would have fed twenty-five families for the entire year.

During a recent revival a very reverend clergyman accented a young brother with the solemn question:

"My young friend, have you prayed to-night for the salvation of your immortal soul?"

"No sir," answered the youth in a penitent tone, and a downcast look.

"Do you not desire to offer up thanks for the many mercies you have already received by Divine favor?"

"Yes, but I don't know how," hesitatingly answered the youth.

"But, my dear boy, you can repeat the Publican's prayer, can't you?" asked the minister gravely.

"No sir" was the emphatic response, "I'm a Democrat!"

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insert on.....\$ 1 00
One square, each additional insertion..... 50
One square, one year..... 10 00
One-fourth column per year..... 20 00
One-third column, per year..... 40 00
One-half column, per year